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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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WELCOME SONG TO ADMIRAL DEWEY.

First in our country's war,
Who bore our flag afar,
Where every silver star,
  Proclaims release!
Now let the peaceful gun,
Hailing thy deeds well done,
Welcome our honored one,
  To home and peace.

Isles of the Orient,
To you our peace be sent,
Your evil days are spent;
  Your woes shall cease
Our good-will know not race,
Nor counts it time or place,
Till all the earth's fair face
  Shine glad with peace.

Land that has been our foe,
To thee, be peace, also!
Wiser and stronger grow,
  Through wrong's surcease.
Less proud in buried sires,
Grow proud in high desires,
Till noble aim inspires
  Truth, hope and peace.

True land, dear land, our own!
Farther thy flag be flown,
Farther thy justice known,
  Thy strength increase!
South breeze and north wind free,
Sing through the world of thee—
Thy law, thy liberty,
  Thy power, thy peace!

MESCAL.

"Come, senor, have your palm read! A few centavos are nothing for the secret of your future," urged a voice that had become exasperatingly familiar to me of late.

I was employed on a Los Angeles daily and was on my way, as usual each morning, from my home in the San Fernando valley, by way of the Cahuenga pass, to the little station just beyond the divided, where I took the train into the city. Midway of the pass stood an old stone watering trough, at which I was accustomed to refresh my horse while journeying through the hills. For upward of a fortnight past I had regularly encountered at this point a solitary evil visaged Mexican, who had announced himself as a palmist "par excellence," and occupied the few moments' pause in my ride with persistent importunities for my patronage. What did not tend to enchance my regard for this unprepossessing individual was the crafty manner in which he invariably inspected my horse out of the corners of his small, restless eyes. The horse, morever, appeared to resent the scrutiny quite as much as myself, and from the first asserted his antipathy for the vagabond fakir by steadfatly refusing to approach the drinking trough until I had invited the stranger to withdraw a few paces.

On this particular morning, however, my curiosity became aroused as to why the fellow continued to frequent so unpromising a locality, which at best was a lonely spot, visited only by transitory horsemen and teamsters. Therefore, as my horse fretfully sipped a few drafts of water, eying the peon suspiciously the while, I remarked: "You must be intensely fond of your occupation, considering the little recompense you appear to derive from it. Why do you not go into the city, where, at least, your field for solicitation would be larger?"

"Ah, senor," replied the peon, with affected pathos, "I am indeed fond of my profession; but, however little I may realize from it here on the highway, the city would yield me less; for they who live in the city care little about the future. It is the present alone that interests them."

I was inwardly forced to recognize a certain amount of truth in his argument and by way of appreciation tendered him a small coin.

As I deposited the silver in his hand, however, with a quick movement he caught the tips of my fingers in his clasp and fixed his eyes on the open palm. The precipitateness of the act was all but demoralizing to my horse, which sprang backward with a suddenness that came perilously near unseating me. The Mexican, however, held tenaciously on to my hand, incidentally taking care to keep out of range of my frantic animal's hoofs. As soon as I could recover myself I wrenched my hand free, but not until the peon had vouchsafed this admonition:

"Senor, a terrible accident threatens you from horses. Take heed in time; therefore, and rid yourself of that broncho you are riding."

I made no response, but as I touched my spurs and galloped off down the pass the peon shouted after me a parting injunction.

"Sell him, senor?" he cried. "I warn you he is under the spell of a demon."

As the words greeted my ear I glanced admiringly down at the sleek, arched neck of my spirited charger.

"Mescal" said I reaching down and patting his splendid shoulders, "do you hear that? He says you're possessed of a demon and that I must sell you. But I shan't."

The Mexican's ominous characterization of my horse was no revelation to me, and instead of inspiring me with any apprehension, his apparent concern for my safely somewhat amused me. Moreover, the knowledge that Mescal's disposition was so throughly consistent with his name, was rather a source of gratification than regret to me. It was an odd name for a horse, but he had come by it legitimately—that is, he had been so called ever since the Mexican bandit Garcia had broken him as a colt to the saddle and bestowed the title upon him. And for two years thereafter Mescal had borne his unscrupulous rider on all his marauding raids, until the latter had been so hard pressed up in the Ensenada hills by Sheriff Doyle, of Yuma, that he and his followers were forced to abandon their horses and take to the chaparral. I had chanced to be along with Doyle on that occasion—assignments of that character were accepted as a matter of course by newspaper men out there in those days—and as the forsaken horses of the fleeing outlaws dashed down the hill in an effort to escape past us I launched my riata at the leader, a gaunt but fleet and gaudily equipped animal.

My calculations as to the distance of the mark had proved accurate, but so had the aim of the sheriff of Yuma, for hardly had my noose settled about the shoulders of the horse when another loop, hurried from the opposite direction, fell directly over it and Doyle and myself had together captured the bandit chieffain's steed. The rest of our posse having corralled the balance of the stampeding animals. Doyle and myself fell to work to dividing our spoils between us. He gracefully acknowledged my precedence, momentary though it had been, in the capture, and insisted that the horse should be mine, while, by way of evening up the division as nearly as possible, I voluntarily surrendered to him the beautiful silver-mounted saddle, the intrinsic value of which far exceeded that of the horse. The Mexican bridle, however, I retained, for engraved upon a silver plate attached to its headstall was the legend, "Mescal—Propriedad de Joaquin Garcia," together with some additional data briefly expressed in Spanish, relative to the horse's antecedents. The general appearance of the animal indicated the grossest ill treatment in the past. The small of his back was literally covered with saddle galls, while his thin sides were furrowed with deep, calloused ridges, where the cruel rowels of a merciless rider had plowed their way. But, true to the nature of the western broncho, abuse had not in the least diminished either his fiery spirit or his sterling hardihood, and that he had been highly prized as a mount by his late owner, notwithstanding the marks of the latter's brutality, was evident from the pedigree engraved on the silver mounted headstall.

Six months of rest and good pasturage had worked a miraculous change in Mescal's appearance. From his previous gaunt condition he had developed a splendid proportion and grace of figure, while the former disfigurements to his cuticle were entirely eradicated by the filling out of his glossy black coat.

On the morning following my colloquy with the peon I remarked his absence from his accustomed rendezvous in the pass, but upon arriving at my office in the city I found among my mail a letter which immediately recalled him to my mind. It was a proposition, written in Spanish, and purporting to come from a Mexican stockman, offering to purchase my saddle horse if I chose to sell him at a reasonable figure. The connection between the communication and the peon palmist was too palpable to escape detection, and the only cognizance I accorded it was in the purchase of an extra lock for my stable door before setting out for home that evening. Nothing further developed of the circumstance, however, nor did the palmist ever again put in an appearance at the stone watering trough on the San Fernando road. In fact, the entire matter had quite passed from my mind when one day about a month later I was directed to report at once to the managing editor of the paper. As I entered the sanctum of the dignitary in question he was industriously occupied with the preparation of his editorials. Being naturally of a taciturn disposition, he was not accustomed to waste any superfluous utterances on the subordinate members of his staff, and, upon noting my presence, without pausing in or glancing up from his work, delivered the following laconical order:

"Doyle leaves Yuma with a posse early to-morrow after Garcia. You will go with him."

I paused with my hand on the doorknob.

"May I take my own saddle horse?" I ventured.

"Take a whole cabalgada if you choose—only get out of town on that 2:30 special," and, having thus disposed of the matter, the editor-in-chief proceeded with his paragraphs as though I had never existed.

It was ten miles out to Cahuenga station, where Mescal was stabled, and 12 o'clock when I received the assignment, but two and a half hours later found me pulling out of Los Angeles aboard the Southern Pacific special, with my horse trying his uttermost to kick both ends out of a palace stock car that had been coupled on in the rear for his exclusive accommodation. It was late that night when I arrived at Yuma, and, having released Mescal from his uncongenial quarters, I saddled him and rode away in quest of Doyle. After a brief search, I located that individual up in the federal court room playing poker with his chief and sole deputy, the district attorney and Kick-a-Poo scout, with as much unconcern as though Garcia and his band were already safely within the walls of the territorial bastile on the hill.

"Where's the rest of your posse?" I asked the sheriff after the customary exchange of courtesies had taken place.

"Why," he explained, the coroner was called out a few mintues ago to hold an inquest on the leavings of a half breed desperado who got wind that the boys was getting together, and fearing, I reckon that some of his own personal interests might be at stake, undertook to exterminate the menbers before they got down to work. He started in on the wrong party, however, who happened to be Cal Jenkins, the county clerk, who was too swift for him—which is how the coroner happened to be called out temporary. But him and Cal 'll be around in the course of half an hour, and so 'll Judge Murphy and the new tax collector. That'll make nine, counting yourself, and the two custom house riders we pick up down near the border will be 11, which 'll be plenty, seeing as Garcia's gang has thinned out somewhat here of late. Reckon there ain't more'n 20 of the greasers left in the whole drove now, which is less'n half their number when we mixed things with 'em last fall."

"And where have you located the outfit this time?" I inquired.

"Down in the Manzanita mountains, close to the Mexican line," was the reply.

"But that's only 20 miles from here," I demurred, "and leaving in the morning will bring us there in broad daylight. We'll never get them at that rate, for it's open plains every foot of the way between here and the Manzanitas."

"Ah, I see!" returned the sheriff of Yuma astutely; "figuring on a good 12 hour sleep, as usual, before going to work. Well, you won't get it this time, 'cabeza-sonliento' (sleeply head), for we'll be in the heart of the Sierra Manzanitas long before sunrise. It's now 10, and we leave before midnight, which reminds me," he added, "that you'd better go down to the corral and rope yourself a horse. Bring your saddle with you?"

"Yes, and something more," I answered.

"Y que mas?" inquired my friend.

"Mescal, of course," I replied carelessly.

"Mescal!" ejaculated the sheriff incredulously. "Going after Garcia with his own horse? Well—I'll—be— He'll sure like that."

The full moon was hanging low over the ragged crest of the Manzanita range as our little cavalcade drew rein at the edge of the dense chaparral that covered its sides after a brisk ride over the intervening alkali desert.

"We'll wait here," announced Doyle, "until Pie Grande," indicating the Kick-a-Poo scout, who had dismounted and was just vanishing in the thicket, "goes ahead and takes a look at the camp. It's Pie," he explained aside to me, "who located the outfit, and he knows just how to reach it."

Half an hour later the Indian returned with the information that the outlaws were still encamped where he had previously found them, which was in a small valley distant about a mile ahead. Upon receiving this intelligence the sheriff commanded his party to fall in, single file, behind the guide, then gave the order to advance.

Thus we proceeded, with the utmost caution, up the narrow trail, through the tangled brushwood, until at length a silent signal, passed from one to another down the line, warned us of our approach to the bandit stronghold. At almost the same instant a shout from one of their sentinels told that we had been discovered, and throwing aside all caution we dashed forward in the attack. Though taken completely by surprise, the outlaws appeared to keep their heads, as many as could reach their horses sprang upon their bare books and desperately essayed to repulse us. In another moment we were in their midst, firing rapidly but carefully, for no shots could be wasted in the face of such superior numbers. At the height of the confusion I suddenly perceived a tall Mexican, wearing a silver embroidered jacket, the description of which I had many times before seen in print, forcing his horse toward me. It was Joaqin Garcia. Instantly I loveled my revolver at his head and pulled the trigger. There was no report. I had fired the last charge from my brace of colts. Before I could even attempt to reload the bandit ohief would have got me to a certainty, but as he was in the very act of covering me, a revolver shot rang out close to my ear, and reeling in his saddle my antagonist fell to the ground. The next moment my deliverer's horse dashed by me—and his rider was Sheriff Doyle of Yuma.

Hardly had he vanished, however, before another bareback horseman bore down upon me. I can see the gleam of that long stiletto even yet as its owner's bared arm bradished it aloft in the moonlight. Then as the blade descended, my horse reared back on his haunches and the blow that was intended for me struck the animal a glancing blow in the side of the head.

In the same instant, with a frenzied scream, Mescal plunged forward and, catching the Mexican's leg in his teeth, tore him from his horse. Then as the outlaw's body struck the ground the infuriated animal sprang upon him, striking him again and again with his powerful fore feet, before I could urge him to leave the spot and join the balance of our party.

From this on the odds were wholly in our favor, and one by one the surviving bandits gave up the contest and appealed for quarter.

At length, with the exception of a few who had escaped under cover of the darkness into the mountains, the entire band were either prisoners or numbered among the slain. Retracing our steps to the scene of the fiercest stage of the fight, we dismounted for the purpose of examining the bodies of the fallen bandits. Observing one that lay face downward in the sand, I bent over him to find that the entire back of his head had been crushed in. From this, I knew at once it was the outlaw who had fallen a victim to Mescal's vengeance. Taking hold of his arm, I turned the body over. As I did so I started back in amazement, for the pale moonlight shining full upon his upturned face revealed to me the unmistakable features of the palmist of the Cahuenga highway.

And Mescal? The stiletto had inflicted a deep slash directly across his right eye which rendered him, partially blind. He was thus permanently ruined as a saddle horse, and to insure him against the possible fate of a draft animal, I took him back to Los Angeles, where I had a leathern collar made for him, attaching thereto the silver plate taken from his headstall and another on which I engraved the single word "Exempt." Then I set him free among the green pasture lands of the San Fernando ranch, where he will continue to roam, pensioned for the remainder of his days.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

MILWAUKEE.

One of my friends—the principal of a hearing school in town—has just returned from a three months' sojourn in Germany, France, Switzerland and England. I decided to call at her romantic home last night to "hear all about it," and accordingly started down the avenue. It was an ideally glorious evening with a full moon, and I regretted that I had not a deaf friend with me to enjoy the walk of two miles. However, after a mile's walk, I incidentally met Mr. John Kurry, that handsome, affable young man, who is such a favorite in social circles of the deaf here.

"I am glad to meet you," said he in graceful signs, "and may I ask where you are going?"

I explained, and he very kindly escorted me to my friend's house, where we were shown many photographs taken by my friend during her travels. We were also told some humorous stories. In Paris, it seems, she was served at each and every meal with so many as ten plates—a plate for each kind of food, and as many extra knives and forks. At this some one in the company heaved a gigantic sigh and said:

"I am awfully glad we do not have such customs here at home, for just think of the pile of dishes one would have to wash and wipe! Ten plates apiece for each member of the family! Good gracious! what a lot of work that would require!"

At hotels in France, Germany and Switzerland, there are no electric or gas lights, but in place of them, candles—tallow candles—are used, and these are so poor that it is impossible to do any reading at night. At a certain German university, the students glory in disfiguring their faces with the sword. Some of the students have so many as fifteen cuts on their faces, and they are very proud of these scars.

Although we staid until nine o'clock, the pretty school principal had not "told us all," and we were asked to come again. On the way home, Mr. Kurry and I discussed what we had heard, and decided to ask the principal the next time we met her, if she would lecture before the deaf club—the subject to be her travels. I am confident that she will consent. Before saying good-night, she told me that she had brought me a present from France, but she could not get it now, as it was in her trunk. I am sure it was most kind of her to remember me, but I do not know that I merit such kindness.

As to what has been going on in deaf society here since I last wrote you, I have made a note of the following:

On August 30th, Miss Katherine Elias gave a party at her home to a large number of her deaf friends. A most enjoyable time was had.

September 3d, Mr. Philip S. Engelhardt was pleasantly surprised by twenty deaf people, the occasion being his birthday. The next day there was a picnic of the deaf at St. Francis.

On September 7th, Miss Nellie Orchikowsky gave a delightful literary social at her home. Some of those present were the Misses May Bushby, Alma Szczygielska, Katherine Elias, Hypatia Boyd, the Messrs. John W. Kurry, Samuel Sutter, Harry House, Charles Martin, Roman Jankewscz and others.

September 10th there was a gathering of the deaf at South Park. Here a goodly number of deaf people forgot the cares of life for the time being, and indulged in the pleasures of boating and story telling, not to mention the appropriation of the appetizing contents of the lunch baskets provided by the girls. Two photographs were taken of the party, both of which turned out to be very good and very sure to make others have a good laugh. Indeed, these pictures show such a jolly, yet refined company of deaf persons, that to see them is to make you laugh good-naturedly and forget the blues. Light refreshments were served, and the party left for their homes at seven o'clock in the evening. Among those present were the Misses Stana Jankowska, Alma Szczygielska, Annie Einlof, Augusta Baumann, Nellie Orchikowsky, Hypatia Boyd, Katherine Elias, the Messrs. Holm, (recently of Sweden) John W. Kurry, Samuel Sutter, Peter H. Springel, William E. Malloy, Charles Martin, Roman Jankewscz, William J. Fitzpatrick, of St. Francis, and others. The gathering was pronounced a success, and it was decided to hold more of them a year from now.

September 13th, Miss Hypatia Boyd entertained informally at her home. Some fifteen deaf persons were present, and all report having had a most delightful time. Light refreshments were served by Miss Boyd's eleven-year-old sister, Jessie Allan Boyd, who always claims such a pleasure of waiting on the deaf, and who at such gatherings, brings her school books into the parlor, where she takes delight in alternately studying her lessons and in watching the animated conversations of the visitors. On this particular evening some one suggested that Miss Jessie test the memories of the company by putting to them a question in history. She modestly put the following question: "When did Columbus discover America?" Instantly there was a chorus of "In the year 1492," and all were correct with but two exceptions. That was a rather good showing, considering that it is some years since the company were school boys and school girls.

There was to have been a nut-gathering party on September 16th, but on account of the rain it was put off.

Misses Ida and Rosa Hirsch have not been seen in deaf circles lately. Miss Boyd says this is owing to the fact that Ida's mother has been quite ill for more than a week and is still confined to her room.

Miss Hypatia Boyd intends visiting Mrs. Nellie W. Johnson, of Racine, Wis., about the last of September.

Miss May Bushby has resumed her studies at Delavan.

Are any Chicago deaf-mutes coming to Milwaukee this fall? Please do not disappoint us again. We were at the dock to meet an excursion which we were told was coming our way. However, we never met any deaf people from Chicago on that particular day, and we afterwards learned that the excursion had stopped at Waukegan instead of this beautiful city of Milwaukee. And so I say, please do not disappoint us again.

How are my good friends, Messrs. Hodgson, Pach and Fox? Or, as yonder young person says I should put it, Edwin Allan Hodgson, Alexander Lester Pach and Thomas Francis Fox. I hope they are quite well, and I send them greetings. I trust that before long I will hear something af them through the JOURNAL'S entertaining New York correspondent.

I received a telegram the other day from an absent tenant, asking me to look for a gold ring in the ash box. I did not know what to make of it at first, and had my doubts and fears. I always did find it hard to understand men and their ways, but to be asked to look for a ring in an ash box! Truly this was well-nigh beyond my comprehension. However, I hurried over to the alley and seizing a stick, poked the contents of the box, but in vain. Then I spied a paper package near by and on opening it saw egg-shells,—and, then a glitter of gold. In I plunged my hand, and out I pulled a real gold ring,—an engagement ring. I wrote to the tenant assuring him that his ring was safe. He afterwards told me that he had been keeping house while his wife was away, and he had used his ring as an egg-holder at breakfast. The breakfast finished, he had collected egg-shells, and ring in a paper, and thrown it into a ash-box. That morning he took the train and discovering that his ring was gone, found it hard to trace it to the ash-box. And that accounted for the telegram. Strange isn't it—but this reminds me of the play "The Merchant of Venice," where the engagement ring takes so important a part. Already I seem to hear the stately Portia saying to noble Bassanio as she hands him the ring:

* * * I give them with this ring
Which when you part from, lose or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love.

To which Bassanio replies:

But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence:
O! then be bold to say Bassanio is dead.

May I never know what it is to have such a trying experience ("more than unpleasant," he described it) such as that which the disappearance of the engagement ring caused our tenant and his wife.

And now, dear JOURNAL, whose arrival is most welcome each week, good-by for the present. I may have more news before next month comes around.

Sept. 18, '99. PAT.

Eastern Pennsylvania.

Frank C. Lenox, of Orange, N. J., was last August the guest of Isaac R. Carney, of Easton, Pa., and Oliver N. Krause, of Allentown, Pa., separately for several days.

Isaac R. Carney, of Easton, Pa., spent Saturday evening and Sunday, September 2d and 3d, the guest of his oldtime friend, Oliver N. Krause. He accompanied by Messrs. Krause and and Bradbury, spent Sunday afternoon visiting Dorney's new park, which has been started there, near the Lehigh County Almshouse. Returning to Allentown on a trolley for supper. Messrs. Carney and Krause went to South Bethlehem on a trolley car, and gave a pleasant call to Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Haney, in the evening of the same day, for some time. From there Mr. Carney returned home to Easton on a new trolley route, which was built between Bethlehem and Easton a year and a half ago.

Andrew McNulty, the tramp, who was arrested by Detective Wilking for pretending to have lost his hearing and speech in a mine accident, and who was begging under that pretense on the streets, pleaded guilty before Judge Scott.

He begged off, saying he was drunk. Judge Scott told him there was a place where he could not get drunk, and he was sentenced to two years in the county prison. There would be no temptation there to get drunk, the court said. The trial took place last Tuesday, in Easton, Pa.

Mrs. I. R. Carney, of Easton, Pa., has been in Brooklyn, N. Y., and Newark, N. J., visiting relatives and friends. After nearly a week's visit she returned home and reported having a grand time that she will not soon forget.

Mrs. Jonathan Haney and little daughter, of South Bethlehem, Pa., will soon start for Pittsburg, Pa., her old home, where they will spend a month or so with relatives there.

The Allentown Mission for the Deaf has come to the conclusion that the bible class will begin September 24th, Sunday, and be continued till May as heretofore.

The writer will gather more news for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL later on. I. R. C.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 28, 1899.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 163d Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong's also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

As this issue of the JOURAL goes to the post-office, on the Hudson River, in sight of the New York Institution, the gunboats are anchored in positions they will occupy when the Atlantic Squadron, headed by the Olympia and New York pass in review of the millions of eyes that line the river from the Battery to Riverside Park, where stands in imposing grandeur the tomb of General Grant. New York City, always pretty well filled with humanity, is filled to overflowing with myriads of people from the surrounding country, and from all the States in the Union. To see the war ships move slowly along, in perfect line, and never varying the distance between each other, is a grand spectacle which New Yorkers have witnessed on more than one occasion. Then the thunderous salutes from the cannon—the flash of flame, the boom of the big guns, and the veil of smoke that for a moment obscures them—is something which imagination can not conjure up to equal the reality.

All of these big battle-ships did glorious service in the recent conflict with Spain—from the Olympia, from which the immortal Dewey directed the most marvelous sea battle the world has ever known, and its companion the New York, with Admiral Sampson aboard, who planned the annihilation of Cervera's fleet, when it should issue from the harbor of Santiago—and which the alert Schley executed with promptness and completeness—to the formidable, almost submerged gunboats that are to thunder greeting as the great Admiral goes by. Seeing them, one is reminded of the song of the man-o-war's man:

"'Ere's yer blooming regiment,
Always fit for war,
Whose barrack square runs wide and fair
From Sidney to the Nar;
And every one wot meets us
Says "'Ow-d'ye-do's" to we,
Dips low to the shine of the big steel line,
The regiment of the sea."

CORRESPONDENCE received later than Tuesday of this week, has been laid over for next issue. Everything takes a rest, so that Dewey may be fittingly welcomed, and as there are two holidays in one week, subscribers will not grumble if a few items of news do not appear promptly. Dewey is already here. He took the city by surprise Tuesday morning, and Tuesday night red fire illuminated the New York and New Jersey coasts. The city is beautifully decorated; the fakirs are reaping a rich harvest—likewise the hotels and stand speculators—and every other individual seems to be wearing a Dewey badge or button. How we wish all the deaf of the United States could be transported to the banks of the Hudson on Friday, September 29th.

There is general sympathy for Prince Heinrich of Reuss, of the elder line, whose heir, Prince Heinrich, has lost the powers of hearing and speech from the effects of an operation upon his eyes. He is an only son, but has five sisters.

CALLAUDET COLLEGE.

College Opens With a Large Attendance.

PERSONNEL OF CLASSES.

Athletics -- Literary Organizations.

From our Washington Correspondent.

The Scholastic year of 1899–1900 has opened with bright prospects in every branch of the college work. The attendance is large, 103 in all, with others expected. Of the 103 here now, one Mr. Picard,'99, is taking a post graduate course and five are Normal Fellows. This leaves the number of under-graduates, 101, distributed among the classes as follows:

Seniors—(Nine), Messrs. Sowell, Alabama; Long, Kentucky; Carrell, Iowa; Wornstaff, Ohio; and Misses Prager, Pennsylvania; Taylor, Colorado; Marshall, New York; Parker, New Jersey; and Lamson, Ohio.

Juniors—(Fifteen), Messrs. Norris. Indiana; Moran, Fisher and Nichols, Pennsylvania; Braithwaite and Swanson, Canada; Runde, California; Hemstreet, Iowa; and Taylor, North Carolina; Misses Brizendine, Alabama; Stout, Pennsylvania; Okie, New York; Gaillard, South Carolina; Norton and Lindstrom, California.

Sophomores—(Twenty-five) Messrs. Andree and Carpenter, Michigan; Rosson, Tennessee; Geilfuss, South Carolina; Waters and Studeman, Missouri; Haines and Painter, Pennsylvania; Clark, Utah; Scharper and Wyand, Maryland; Schneider, Ohio; Northern, Kentucky; Strong, Iowa; Campbell, New York; and Lawrence, Iowa; Misses Bauman, Illinois; DeLong, Utah; Goldstein, Hayden and Postel, Pennsylvania; McGregor, Ohlemacher, Snyder and Zell, Ohio.

Freshmen—(Twenty-four) Messrs. Allen, Foreman, Cowley and Snyder, Pennsylvania; Flick, Ohio; Miller and Chambers, North Carolina; Spence and Erickson, Minnesota; Johnson and Rink, Illinois; Nowell, Missouri; Jones, Virginia; Barnes, New York; and Hewetson, California. Misses Hutchinson and McPhail, Canada; Crawford, Kansas; Finch, Dakota; Fitzgerald, Illinois; Ritchie, Colorado; Webster, Texas; Myers, Missouri; and Hamburg, Minnesota.

Introductory Class—Twenty-four, Messrs. Kurath, Schulte, Anderson, Havens, Strauss, Bernsdorff, Judd and Friend, Pennsylvania; Leitch, Ireland; Wys and Bruns, Minnesota; Cameron and Nusam, Wisconsin; Roberts, Kansas; Barham, Iowa; Marshall, New York; Lawrence, Michigan; Hendricks, Arkansas; and Lowell, District Columbia; Misses Morris, Arkansas; Weidenmeier, Ohio; Moorefield, Illinois; Hanson, Minnesota; and Parkinson, Pennsylvania.

Pennsylvania leads all the other states in the number of representatives here, having twenty-three in all, nearly one-fourth of the entire student body.

The Normal Fellows this year are: A. W. Dobyns, Millsaps College, Jackson, Miss.; L. E. Milligan, Illinois College, Jacksonville, Ill.; F. R. Wheeler, Brown University, Mystic, Conn.; Miss Bell—sister of Miss Bell of last year's class—Synodical College, Fulton, Missouri.

With the opening of college one of the most frequently asked questions is what of the prospects for foot-ball. We believe that they are as good as they have been at any time within the last five years at the beginning of college. There have been a few surprises in this connection. Jones, last year's 200-pound guard, is back again after all expected to lose him; also Barham, the crack full back on the team of '97, is back. This gives us three backs—Barham, Waters and Andree, the equal of any in the country. The positions of tackle and end will be hardest to fill perhaps.

We can hardly expect as good a man as Stutsman '99, to be developed from raw material to take his place as end, and L. Rosson, who was tackle last year and whom all thought would be the captain, is forbidden to play by his father. Carrell, '00, has been elected as captain in his place, and Morris, '01, takes Carrell's place as manager. Captain Carrell will probably play quarter. There are several candidates for end, but Chambers, '03, seems to be the most promising. His weight is 150 pounds, but he has had a little experience in football. Last year he played quarter on the second team and did good work, particularly in tackling. Mr. Wheeler, Normal, will probably take Brooks' place as right guard. He is an ex-Brown University and weighs 220 pounds. Hewetson is a promising candidate for Rosson's place at tackle. All in all, we have a good chance for a record breaking season, and if the rooters will just whoop things up a little we'll get there again and give both Virginia and Georgetown some more "good practice games." There is also expectation that another good man from Indiana will come to join the Introductory Class. He once played on the Mt. Airy team. His name is Mather.

The football schedule as arranged to date is as given below:

Oct. 14—Washington College, (League) at home.
Oct. 21—U. of Va., at Charlottesville.
Oct. 28—Mt. St. Mary's at Emmitsburg, Md.
Nov. 4—M. A. C., at College Park.
Nov. 11—J. H. U., at home.
Nov. 18—St. John's, at Annapolis.
Nov. 25—Western Md. College, at home.

Other games will be arranged with Georgetown University, Young Men's Christian Association, and other teams.

The reorganization of societies and clubs was of course in order at the beginning of the year. The Reading Room was the first to organize, electing the following members as a committee to serve for the first term: Long, '00, Chairman; Wornstaff, '00, Treasurer; Norris, '01, Secretary; Nichols, '01, Waters, '02, Librarian; and Schneider, '02.

Next comes the S. N. D. C. with Fisher, '01, President; Schneider, '02, Vice-President; Nowell, '03, Secretary, and Rink, '03, Treasurer. Committee on Play—Fisher, '01, Strong and Painter, '02, and Flick and Allen '03. Committee on Arrangements: Schneider, '02, Erickson, Barnes, Nowell and Rink, '03.

A special meeting of the G. C. A. A. was held Saturday night, but it was changed into the regular semi-annual meeting, so that the election of officers might be effected and the work of training the foot ball teams gotten under way at once. The officers for the first half of the year are as follows: President Long, '00; Vice-President Taylor, '01; Secretary Rennde, '01; Treasurer Northern, '02. Base Ball Manager Runde, '01; Foot ball Scorer, Painter, '02; Yell Leader, Clark, '02.

News concerning last year's class received here is to the effect that nearly all of them are teaching, or have received other good positions. Miss Vandergrift and Mr. Bumgardner are at the Minnesota School, the former a teacher, the later as boys' supervisor. Messrs. Davis, Brook and Stewart are teaching in the Texas School, Mr. Bath in Oregon. Mr. Picard is to return to College as a post graduate, and Mr. Ohlemacher is Instructor in gymnastics in the Ohio School. It is not known as to what Messrs. Stutsman and Willis are doing. Miss Griffis is at home, and it is said that Miss Rogers is to teach in the South Carolina School.

Messrs. Shreve and Pape of the Normal class are teaching in Nebraska, Mr. Payne is to preach for the deaf of the United Kingdom. Miss Bear is teaching in the one of the Connecticut Schools.

Hughes, '02, did not return to College, and Norris, '02, has been elected to fill the position of Athletic editor of the *Buff and Blue* made by his not returning.

R. S. T.

HIGHWAYMEN FOILED.

Two highwaymen last night held up for the purpose of robbery Mrs. H. B. Burk, 314 East First Street, and her nephew, Peter Burk, of Bennington township, as they entered the city limits from the northeast. The robbers were beaten off with a buggy whip, the intended victims then escaping by fast driving. There is no clue to the identity of the robbers, as the darkness was too dense for the penetration of their disguise.

The attempted robbery occurred this side of H. B. Allen's farm, near the corner of Logan Avenue with the cross-road. The Burks were driving leisurely when they were suddenly startled by a man springing out of the weeds and grasping their horse by the bridle. Almost simultaneously another man appeared at the side of the buggy and commanded, "Hands up."

Mrs. Burk grabbed for the whip in order to hurry the horse away from danger, but her nephew, who is deaf and dumb, failed to comprehend the situation and took possession of the whip. Then he saw the frightened look on his aunt's face and without thinking of complying with the highwaymen's demands applied the whip with vigor, alternating between the horse and the men beside the buggy. The sudden and effective resistance evidently was a surprise to the robbers, for the one beside the buggy ducked to escape the cutting whip, and the other was knocked down by the horse which he was endeavoring to hold by the bridle. When the horse was gotten under control, the robbers were far in the rear and the vehicle with its occupants safe on a lighted street in the city.—*Iowa State Reporter, Sept. 5.*

The earliest pottery with printed designs of American subjects was made at Liverpool at the end of the eighteenth century.

CHICAGO.

The Ladies Give a Lawn Party.

A VERY LIVELY GHOST.

News of All Sorts.

[News items for this column may be sent to James Irwin Sansom, Money Order Division, Chicago Postoffice.]

The Lawn party, scheduled for September 23d, was held at the house of Rev. P. J. Hasenstab, No. 3241 Forest Avenue. From five o'clock P.M. till midnight, there was a steady stream of callers, reminding one of the New Year's calling custom at Washington. Ice-Cream and cakes were served to those having the "wherewithal." Social talk was indulged in and those having been present can satisfy themselves at having been at a pleasant social affair and helped some to the cause of charity. In other places homes for the aged deaf are provided for. Here none is arranged, so that a practical form of charity is substituted in the Ladies' Aid Society. Should the head of a family happen to get out of work, through numerous causes, the Society will keep the family in coal, provisions, etc, until he gets on his feet again, as has been demonstrated in several cases within my knowledge.

However, people who receive benefits from the Society should demonstrate a more lively sense of gratitude to the society, for several who have been made the recipients of benefits from the Society, have failed to turn up at its gatherings, though, apparently, able to do so.

On October 15, a welcome reception will be given in the Methodist Church in honor of its pastor, Rev. Mr. Hasenstab. He takes his final examination the third of that month, and it will make nine examinations that he has taken. His ordination as elder, takes place on October 8th. The reception is based upon the supposition that he will pass the final examination successfully, of which there is no doubt, judging from his previous five years' tests at it. It will be noticed that the standard required of deaf clergymen is the same as required of the hearing. They must stand on the bottom of their tubs, so to vulgarly speak.

The *New Era* of September 15, speaks of the demise of George B. Whitlock and adds that it was the "result of fast living." Would not it be better if the latter remark was spared? It belongs to the category of "indiscretionary remarks." If Mr. Whitlock had any fault it is buried with him, and we the living have plenty of faults of our own. Do not take the beam out of your eye to club a dead man with. It is well to remember this remark of a Professor of Gallaudet College from the pulpit, that, "As a rule, men have more good than bad points in their make up."

N. B.—Upon good authority it can be stated that George B. Whitlock is not dead, but is pretty much alive. Mr. and Mrs. Wayman were almost petrified at meeting him on Princeton Ave., recently, and can vouch that it was his own self and not his ghost that they talked with. "Premature demise hastened by fast living." Oh! morever, he had on a 3x6 grin that ghosts do not have.

Mrs. Blair, of Antioch, Ill., accompanied by her hearing daughter is visiting Mrs. Hunter. They were at the Lawn Festival, where they met the *elite* of Chicago's silent population.

Mrs. Richard L'H. Long is also visiting Mrs. Hunter, The ex-correspont of the JOURNAL should turn up in Chicago occasionally, else we will think he has, like Timon of Athens, soured and turned his back on mankind.

An Advisory Board on Art, etc., has been appointed to pass judgment on illustrations, drawings, etchings, and architecture, before sending them to Paris Exposition. Their headquarters are either, the American Fine Arts Society, No. 215 W. 57 Street, New York City, or Art Institute, Chicago. Deaf Artists should bear this in mind, if they want to gain celebrity from the Paris Exposition. We, who have no talent in the artistic line, look to you to bring credit on us all— Tilden, D'Estrella, Redmond, Saxton, Washburn, —will you come to the rescue?

Mr. Boone, of Utica, Neb., died recently. After the sale of personal property, his wife and children went to Illinois to live.

The papers report Marconi, the inventor of wireless telegraphy, as "boyish looking." The phrase fits that of Hutchinson of akoulallion fame exactly, as those who saw him will testify. You must be respectful to "boys" nowadays, for there is no knowing of the unbounded possibilities wrapped inside their coats. The scientific world is watching his experiments in reporting the Columbia-Shamrock race.

Nobody would like to be in the shoes of the two deaf-mute burglars, who tried to rob the house of another deaf-mute.

The attempt was frustrated by the hearing son of the owner. At least the fact was telegraphed from Buffalo, New York, by the Associated Press.

A crowd of Hoosiers took advantage of the cheap excursion rates to come to Chicago. Among them noticed were: Messrs. T. Michael, of Indianapolis; Ernest Thornton, of Maryland; George B. Edkins, of Hillsboro; and Oscar Schaffer, of Indianapolis.

Miss Mabel Connor and her mother, Mrs. Biege, were at the Methodist chapel services. The latter reports enjoying reading the JOURNAL, being furnished with copies by Pitti-Sing.

Several members of the club have joined the Young Men's Christian Association. Oscar H. Regensburg took to running around the track to reduce his flesh, and judging from the sweat that poured off him he was succeeding in his efforts.

The hearing brother of David Anderson has returned from the Philippine Islands, and will give a lecture on his fight with the Filipinos, with Mr. Berg.

Prof. Walker will act as interpreter at the Episcopal Club rooms, Saturday, September 30th.

Deaf-Mutes as Safe Blowers.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Sept. 17—At 1 o'clock this morning the young son of John Filsinger, a deaf-mute living at 173 Sherman Street, heard a noise in the shop below his bedroom. He went downstairs and saw two men trying to break into his father's safe. The boy got a hatchet and crept up behind the burglars, intending to kill them, but lost heart and retreated to the next room. There he made an outcry, expecting that the men would run, but they kept steadily at work on the safe. Young Filsinger went upstairs and aroused his father, telling him in the sign language what was happening.

Both went downstairs to attack the cracksmen, who were making a noisy job of the safe. As the Filsingers entered the room the burglars saw them and ran for the window, communicating with each other by signs. Filsinger saw that the burglars were deaf-mutes like himself, and was so surprised that he forgot to chase them. He notified the police, and this afternoon Henry Braven and John Weber, both deaf and dumb, were arrested. They confessed.—*Chicago Chronicle, Sept. 18.*

BROOKLYN MEETING.

The Brooklyn Guild of Deaf-Mute Christian Workers are requested to attend its regular meeting, to be held in the Guild room of St Mark's Chapel, Adelphi Street near De Kalb Aveune, Brooklyn, on Thursday evening, October 5th, 1899, at 8 o'clock. Please invite deaf-mute friends and strangers to come there or join as the membership of the Guild at once. Pay ten cents due monthly. All are welcome. Object: to help the needy and destitute to Deaf-Mutes in Brooklyn. Important Business. The Committee will report to the Members of the Guild about the Excursion for Deaf-Mutes last summer ready. We will have a great-lecture next November, 1899, and a merry Christmas tree for for deaf-mutes on December, 1899. The money will help the Guild's charity.

WM. G. GILBERT, *Secretary,*
485 St. John Place,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Pan-American Deaf-Mute Fishing Club held its first regular meeting, on Monday, September 11th, at 8 P.M. A good membership was enrolled, and the following elected officers: President, John Staffinger; Vice-President, Louis Seelbach; Secretary, John Stafflinger; Treasurer, Jacob Reindlauder; Sergeant-at-Arms, Joe Spahn. Trustees: Chairman, P. Staffinger; Louis Seelbach, Peter Gabel.

Information relating to membership will be cheerfully furnished by any members, or it can be obtained by writing or calling at the President's home, 99 Burton Street. Only deaf-mutes will be admitted to membership.

A new boat house will be built in April of next year, at Grand Island Ferry. The house, when furnished, will be completely furnished. Sail boats, fishing tackle, etc., will always be at the disposal of members Beds will be provided and members can stay as long as they wish and come and go as they please.

The dues are $1.00 a month, from September 1st to May 1st of next year, after that more.

Grand Ferry is on the Niagara River, five miles from the center of the city, and it is one of the best sailing and fishing places near Buffalo.

Alex Dezendorf, of Brooklyn, N. Y., had a very narrow escape from losing one of his arms, caused by a fall while driving a truck wagon for his boss. Just at present his dislocated arm is so much better that he expects to resume work before long.

Mrs Clara E. Frey, and her children, have just arrived home in Brooklyn, from a pleasant visit down at Long Branch, N. J. She contemplates going to Philadelphia after the Dewey Celebration, to see the Export Exhibition there.

PHILADELPHIA.

First Literary Meeting of the Season.

TWO PLEASANT RECEPTIONS.

A Number of News Notes of Varied Character.

From our Philadelphia Correspondent.

The first literary meeting of the Clerc Literary Association this fall was held last Thursday evening, September 21st. President Stevens was in the chair, and there was a fair attendance. Mr. R. E. Underwood first gave some interesting information about some of the world's greatest authors, and finished with a humorous story. Then J. S. Reider discussed some of the strange aspects of the Dreyfus case, and followed by Mr. R. M. Ziegler, who continued the discussion. Mr. H. E. Stevens had a number of questions to ask about men and things, which were more or less humorous. Mr. Wm. McKinney contributed a few more interesting statements after which the exercises were over.

The Association has adopted an emblem, or button, in the shape of a keystone with an enamelled background, representing the city's colors (yellow and blue). The letters C. L. A. stand out on the background in the gilt, as do also the edges of the emblem. The emblems are being made by the well-known silversmiths, Hamilton & Diesinger, on Chestnut Street, and will cost a dollar each.

It is said that the *Mt. Airy World* will hereafter be published bi-weekly, and the subscription price reduced to fifty cents a year. Prof. S. G. Davidson is to occupy the editorial sanctum. While many will regret this change in publication, it is only what may be expected of a paper that is run chiefly in the interest of a school. The *World* has made a fine reputation, and its greatest fault is that it has not ambition enough to improve on it.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Stumpf gave a reception at their home, on Saturday evening, 16th inst. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Mayer, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Bilderback, Mr. and Mrs. R. Humphreys, Miss Bessie Fleming, Mr. George Runkel, Mr. Alex. Fleming, Miss Katie Eisele and others. An pleasant evening was passed.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Stevens, of Merchantville, N. J., invited a few friends to spend the afternoon and evening of September 20th with them at their beautiful home, the day being their wedding anniversary.

Rev. O. J. Whildin, of Baltimore, Md., spent part of Tuesday and this city, primarily to have his eyes treated.

Our aged friend, Mrs. M. A. Paullin, was again seriously sick, but we are happy to state she is now doing as well as can be expected of one of her age, which is about 88.

We would remind our city readers, members and friends of All Souls' Church, that service will be held at 2:30, P.M., next Sunday, October 1st, and every Sunday thereafter. There will be no morning service save at Grace Church, Mt. Airy, on Communion Sundays. Holy Communion will be celebrated next Sunday.

Mr. Charles S. Yoder returned from Ocean City by way of Atlantic City, last Saturday, after an absence of nearly six months.

Mr. John Q. Hahn visited Allentown and Bethlehem recently, and reports a delightful time.

Messrs. Houston and Higgins visited Mr. Peter Schuster, of Camden, N. J., on Sunday, a week, and found him doing nicely. Mr. Schuster has a very interesting family, including the fowls and animals, and he justly takes pride in it.

Mr. Fred Buch "killed two birds with one stone," on Sunday, a week, visiting Cramers Hill, N. J., and Norristown Pa., in a day. Rev. Mr. Koehler is known to have killed twice as many birds in that way, on some of his missionary trips.

Miss Gertrude Roelofs, of Pittsburg, who has been here since June, expects to return home some day this week. She has become attached to Philadelphia and speaks hopingly of returning next summer.

Mrs. H. E. Stevens and child go to Carlisle, Pa., for a month or so, while Mr. Stevens will stay with his parents.

Miss Dora Kintzel has a young cousin at the Mt. Airy School. He was just admitted.

Messrs. Stevens and Underwood witnessed the International cricket match between Prince Ranjitsinhjis and his gentlemen of England and the gentlemen of the Belmont Cricket Club, at Elmwood, (a part of Phila) to-day (Monday.)

Mr. Hamilton, father of Miss Emily R. Hamilton, is said to have retired from the old and well known firm of Hamilton & Diesinger, of which he was the senior partner.

Mr. William H. Collins, of McKeesport, Pa., is visiting here and proposes to spend a day or two in New York this week. Mr. Collins operates a barber shop with three chairs. J. S. R.

Sept. 25, '99.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

John E. Hughes, brother of Maria G. Hughes, was almost killed in collision with an unknown wheelman at the corner of West Avenue, and Connecticut Street. Tuesday evening, September 12th. A full account of the accident, as told by witnesses was published in the *Enquirer* of Wednesday, Sept. 13th.

The *Enquirer* says:—"It was shortly after ten o'clock when the unknown wheelman was seen riding down Connecticut St., at breakneck speed, heedless of the rights of others. He turned the corner and crashed into Hughes who was riding slowly up West Ave. Hughes was thrown, striking on the back of his head. He was carried into John J. Broderick's store in an unconsious condition and Dr. Smith summoned who succeeded in restoring him to consciousness. Before the arrival of the ambulance which had been sent for, he was removed to his home in Connecticut St. It is believed Hughes is injured internally.

The wheelman after the accident, mounted his wheel and started towards "Black Rock."

Mr. Hughes after he was brought home lapsed into unconsciousness again, and remained in that state until Saturday, when he became violent and unmanageable. On Tuesday, September 17th, his condition was so serious, that he was removed to the Buffalo General Hospital by order of his Physicians. He is suffering with severe concussion of the brain.

Miss Sarah W. Keeler, a teacher of deaf-mutes, died at the *Post Graduate Hospital* Wednesday, September 20th, from paralysis, caused by a bicycle accident nine weeks ago. She was graduated from the Albany Normal School and came to this city as an instructor in the School of Improved Methods for Teaching Articulation to Deaf-Mutes. She also conducted a private school for deaf-mutes and lectured frequently upon the methods of teaching articulation. Last June Miss Keeler was graduated with honor from the New York University Law School. She was a member of the Madison Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church. The burial will be at Candor, N. Y., the place of her birth.

Animal Hynoptism.

"Lark glitters," or revolving mirrors, set up in the bright sunlight of France, attract flights of passing birds, which seem powerless to move, even when the gunners pour volley after volley into them.

It is said that a hen can be hypnotized by drawing a chalk line on a board and holding her beak to it for a moment.

Although Adirondack deer have been shot by jack lantern for a century, they never get used to it. They will always stop to look at the light, sometimes even approach it giving the hunter his opportunity.

A rabbit watching a hawk soaring above its head has been known to become so absorbed that a man approaching can pick it up with his hand.

Monkeys are similarly affected by the snake. A monkey has been known to drop in a dead faint in front of a serpent's jaws. It is, however, a curious fact that birds and small animals fed to a snake in zoological gardens do not seem to feel hypnosis. Perhaps the snake doesn't feel it worth while to exercise its power.

How the Printer's Art got its Terms.

The pious monks of the church were the first patrons and devotees of the printer's art. So completely was it committed to their educated direction and untiring industry, that the terms familiarly employed by them in the first manipulation of the types were the same as they used in the literature of truth. They have been accepted by the whole civilized world and have descended to our own day. This is why we find the place where printing is done called the "chapel;" a complete assortment of one size of types is called the "font;" the inner room of the editor, held sacred from disturbing intrusion, is called the sanctum," and the crude apprentice, who upsets the work by his blunders, is called by his good-natured raillery the printer's "devil."

A Good Memory.

"Excuse me, sir, but haven't we met before? Your face is strangely familar."

"Yes, madam, our host intrduced us to each other just before dinner."

"Ah, I was positive I had seen you somewhere! I never forget a face."—*Harlem Life.*

NEW YORK.

It is Nothing but Dewey in Town.

A PLEASANT RUN BY THE CYCLERS.

The News of the Week in Brief—A Change of Correspondents.

Theo. I. Lounsbury's address is 208 East 59th Street, New York City.

The Dewey holidays to occur on Friday and Saturday will mark an epoch never before equalled in this country, so far as gorgeous decorations go. Flags and bunting are hanging from nearly every house, and on some of the more wealthy structures the display has cost several thousand dollars. Business was never so neglected as at present, in order to make Dewey's return to these shores the most enthusiastic ever witnessed here or elsewhere. Reviewing stands are going up all along the proposed route of the parade, seats on which retail all the way from one dollar to twenty-five dollars, according to advantage. A single room in a Fifth Avenue Hotel has rented for $400, for use only on the day of the land parade. All the hotels have about reached their capacity, and lodging and boarding houses never enjoyed such prosperity as at present. Half the population do not expect to be able to get more than a glimpse of the parade, for so tremendous is the influx of visitors to the city and so eager will many be to get good viewing positions that those as would not wait several hours will not be able to see much of it. Commencing Thursday evening, when the Olympia is expected to anchor off Tompkinsville, until Saturday night, the city and vicinity will be in a blaze of glory such as never occurred before. The program is a long one, and Dewey and the brave sailors will get much more of a welcome than they ever dreamed.

This over, it is expected business will assume great activity and last far into the winter.

The Elect Surds' announcement of an entertainment and reception at Lyric Hall on Dec. 4th, the birthday anniversary of Dr. Isaac Lewis Peet, created something of a surprise, as the date is earlier in the season than usual. Something far surpassing all previous like affairs, is promised. Instead of a long-drawn-out play, there will be a short one, followed by other things that must surely prove a great attraction.

The best run the silent wheelmen have had this year occurred Sunday last, when ten gathered and proceeded to Larchmont, had a delightful view of the many sailing craft there, a bounteous dinner in the village, an hour's stroll through meadows and an orchard richly laden, and arrived back to town in the same bunch they started. Not a mishap married the day's pleasure. Each one covered between thirty-five and sixty miles, according to distance of residence from the starting point. On their reaching the city at about 4:30 P.M., they were surprised to find pools of water here and there, and later learned it had rained hard during the day, but where they were there was a clear sky all day except for a drizzle near Pelham Bay, which was outside the path of the terrific rain storm. The party was composed of C. J. LeClercq, I. N. Soper, A. L. Pach, J. F. O'Brien, Jacques Alexander, George Kinsey, Richard Burke, Owen Healy, J. F. Donnelly and the JOURNAL reporter, and in this party was every New York correspondent the JOURNAL had since 1881, as follows:

1881–1883—J. F. Donnelly.
1883–1884—Alex. L. Pach.
1884–1885—T. I. Lounsbury.
1885–1894—J. F. O'Brien.
1894–1899—T. I. Lounsbury.

Mr. Ed. Lefi, formerly of Chicago, and latterly of Gloversville, N. Y., has come to this city to stay for good. He has secured a position as laster in a Duane Street shoe factory. His little six-year old child has been placed in the school at Fanwood.

Mr. Isaac Brockmann has rented a cosy place up in Van Nest, where Mrs. B. and the five little ones find delight in the surroundings. They have been married nine years, and look towards celebrating their "tin wedding" in fitting style next year. Isaac has been steadily employed at Funk & Wagnalls for five years or more, and draws the union scale of wages every week.

The address of Miss M. A. Riley is 500 West 51st Street—not 57th Street, as the type had it last week.

An interesting bit of news which reached me, and which has since been verified, is to the effect that Miss Hand and Mr. John Buckley were secretly married last January. They had succeeded in keeping it secret for so many months, but finally it leaked out bit by bit until at last they decided to make the announcement. Miss Hand attended school at Fanwood and Mr. Buckley at Westchester.

Rev. C. O. Dantzer will occupy the pulpit at St. Ann's Church next Sunday afternoon.

W. S. Abrams has returned to town from Dobb's Ferry, N. Y., to stay here for good, unless something tempting comes to him in the way of an offer from some up-State place.

The engagement of Mr. A. W. Henning, of this Borough, to Miss Lizzie Egden, of Brooklyn Borough, is whispered about and acknowledged. The date is set down for some time next March. Both were educated at the Lexington Avenue School.

Mr. C. H. Vetterlein and little Helen have returned to their boarding house on West 23d Street, after a nine weeks' sojourn in Long Island, Pennsylvania and Delaware.

Another open bicycle run has been proposed by A. L. Pach for Sunday, October 8th. It will be to Huntington, L. I., over good roads, and, owing to the distance, the start will be at 8.30 A.M., from the East 34th Street ferry. Or Petit's Hotel, Jamaica, at 10 A.M. Part of the return trip may be made by rail, if it gets dark when Jamaica is reached. These open runs are becoming popular, and if kept up may lead to good results.

Mrs. Alexander Neiser will go to Albany, N. Y., for a week's visit in the vicinity there, the end of this week.

Theo. S. Rose has returned home from six weeks in the country.

The little baby of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Donnelly was baptised by Rev. Father Stadelman last week Sunday.

John Lloyd has re-entered Martin B. Brown's printing establishment

Mr. and Mrs. M. Heyman have returned from their month's visit in Pennsylvania, looking several years younger each.

Among the death notices in the *Herald* last week was: Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, who, it seems was the son of a cousin of the present Gallaudets.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Brown, of Brooklyn, have again gone to housekeeping.

Mrs. John A. Dunlap returned last Saturday from her visit to Niagara Falls, Buffalo, and other places, and reports the best time she has ever had in twenty-two years. There was quite a gathering at her home, in Brooklyn, on Sunday last, to give her welcome. Since then, however, she has been suffering with influenza.

With this letter I cease to be the regular New York correspondent of the JOURNAL, but my connection with and interest in the paper as an occasional contributor and a special correspondent under assignment, will not cease by any means. No one expected me to be the New York correspondent forever, and as the present time marks a full five years of service, I decided to surrender the position. My successor, Mr. Alex L. Pach, needs no introduction to the JOURNAL readers. He is as well known in the deaf press as is Joe Howard in the big dailies. He wields his pen with the deftness that a woodsman wields his ax——and the chips fall where he wills.

I thank the many who have extended me courtesies during these years of my service, and I have no doubt but Mr. Pach will receive the same courtesy from all sources.

THEO. I. LOUNSBURY.

SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES.

OCTOBER 1ST — EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY, 3 P.M.

The Forty Seventh Anniversary of the Founding of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes.

St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, 143d St., West of Amsterdam Ave., N. Y., Holy Communion, the Rev. C. Orvis Dantzer officiating.

St. Mark's Church, Adelphi St., Brooklyn, Holy Communion.

Trinity Church, New York.

St. John's Church, Yonkers.

The Parishioners of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes will hold a meeting in the Guild Room on Thursday, Oct. 5th, at 8 P.M.

All services except those of St. Ann's are maintained by The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes.

Rev. Mr. Dantzer's Appointments.

OCTOBER.

1—3:00 P.M., Holy Communion, St. Ann's, New York.
8—10:30 A.M., Holy Communion, St. Paul's, Buffalo.
8—3:00 P.M., Grace Church, Lockport.
8—7:30 P.M., Evening Prayer, St. Paul's, Buffalo.
15—10:30 A.M., Holy Communion, St. Luke's, Rochester.
15—7:30 P.M., Evening Prayer, St. Luke's, Rochester.

Other appointments between these services will be announced later.

Mr. and Mrs. John R. Becker, of North Easton, N. Y., are rejoicing over the birth of a daughter.

OHIO.

A Successful Apiarist.

ANOTHER INVENTOR'S CLAIMS.

Looking for Thomas Randall.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

Stopping at the residence of Mr. Joseph W. Leib, the other day, we found him busy in his back yard with saw in hand doing some work for his Apiary, instead of being at the Hayden Mill. A break in the machinery caused a stoppage of work for most hands, but Joe rather liked it as it gave him an opportunity to attend some pressing work among his bees of which he is justly proud. Last Spring he had six hives, and he now has swelled the number to twelve. He realized about 700 pounds of honey, and has more than paid for his outfit and is very enthusiastic over his stock of bees. He showed us the parphernalia that go to make up an apiary, how the honey is extracted from the combs without injuring the latter, thus making them do service again, and by which the labor of the bees in the renewal of a comb is saved and their work devoted only to honey making.

Mr. Leib is a heater in the mill where he works, earning as he told us $7 a day, and to prove his assertion pulled out a handful of coin, gold and silver. Of the former, double eagles, eagles and half eagles, were in the pile, besides silver. The mill just at present is overrun with orders, and the breakage of the machinery was rather unfortunate.

Mr. and Mrs. B. P. Greene, of Toledo, are taking a vacation in the east On their way they stopped in Cleveland to visit the latter's relatives. They were in Philadelphia during the G. A. R. meeting, and had the pleasure of witnessing the encampment parade and the ships of the Altantic Squadron: The New York, Brooklyn, Massachusetts, Texas and Indiana, also the Cruisers Detroit and Nashville. They also saw Capt. Sigsbee.

Mr. and Mrs. Greene are now in Danville, visiting the former's relatives and friends, where they will remain till the latter part of the month. On their way home they will stop to visit the Mt. Airy School for the deaf, from which Mr. Greene graduated in 1888. Mrs Greene graduated from the Ohio School, her maiden name was Effie Whitmarsh. They have one little son. If we are not mistaken, Mr. Greene is a printer and follows his trade in Toledo.

In these days of inventions we hear of many in aid of the deaf, but when put to practical operations they are found in most instances to be if little or no use, or at least assisting very few. The latest to come to hand is told by a special in last Sunday's *Cincinnati Enquirer*, and we give it for what it is worth.

LONDON, September 16.—The reported discoveries of Mr. Peter Stiens, the Russian scientiest, have been sccupying some attention lately in London. Mr. Stiens claims to be able to give artificial sight to the blind by means of an electrical apparatus he has devised. He says the apparatus will, as in a camera, focus the rays of light from the object to the brain and sight is given, the objects being clearly seen. A *Daily News* reporter, who was tightly blindfolded so that all was blackness before his eyes, says that on being connected with the apparatus a dull, gray light, succeeded by a clear, bright light, took the place of the blackness and he saw fingers held up before him. Mr. Stiens says he is also engaged on an electrical apparatus, by means of which deaf persons will be made to hear perfectly.

Mrs. Ella Zell returned to the city Saturday afternoon, having spent most of her vacation near Boston, and the last two weeks of it near Pittsburg.

Miss Bessie McGregor, started Sunday evening for Gallaudet College. She will stop over for a few days in Baltimore as the guest of Miss Annie Barry.

Charles Osburn and Joseph Manly, of Xenia, were mixing among friends in Columbus Sunday.

The *Press Post* of Wednesday evening had the following.

Mrs. Thomas Randall, of 534 East Cherry Street, called at police headquarters this morning and inquired if the police had secured any trace of her husband, who disappeared about a month ago.

The police have been looking for Randall, not because his wife wants him so much, as he is wanted by a number of physicians and others, who had worthless checks he is said to have passed on them.

Mrs. Randall, who is deaf and dumb, states that she is in sore need of his support, as she has three children, and is sick and unable to provide for them or herself. The police have been unable to find any trace of Randall.

It will be remembered that we made reference to this case several weeks ago. The lady's maiden name was Laura Green.

Word has been received here that Mr. Albert Ohlemacher, upon his return home from Chatauqua, was taken down with typhoid fever. His case must be serious, as he will not be able to assume the duties of Physical instructor at the institution till November 1st, and perhaps not till after the holidays.

Mr. Joseph Neutzling left to-day for his home in Meigs County, to spend the remainder of his vacation with parents.

Sept. 23, '99. A. B. G.

GREENSBUG, PA.

In order to relieve several of your energetic subscribers residing in this western part of the State of all their intense anxieties, Yours Truly will endeavor his best to gather up an interesting batch of news items for the JOURNAL relative to the happenings of the silent world.

Not long since, a hatless little boy baby came into the household of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Hogenmiller, of Hunker Station; hence their great delight.

James Forbes, a former student of Gallaudet College, mourneth the loss of a beloved father, whose demise occurred at his residence at East End, Pittsburg, some time ago, as the result of acute rheumatism. Our young friend has the sympathy of the community in his cheerless affliction. From what it is understood, he proposes going to California in the near future, where his married sister resides.

Mr. Edwin C. Harah, of Casselman, Pa., is now in Ohio, on a visit to friends.

Our droll friend, Collins Sawhill, of Braddock, after a few days' illness with a slight touch of fever, has so sufficiently recovered as to be able to resume his accustomed place at the Edgar Thomson Steel Rail Works.

Miss Lila McCoy, of Grove City, is engaged in the business of bookkeeping at Keck & Co.'s mammoth store, having but recently come to this place. Miss McCoy is a niece of Mrs. Wm. Friend, of Braddock, and is quite apt in the art of finger-spelling.

The Irwin *Standard* has the following item:

"By. Painter, of Irwin, the weather prophet, says that the heavy blasting about Irwin will bring on heavy rains." Mr. Painter, of whom I made mention in my last letter, received a slight stroke of paralysis last winter, but he is getting along as well as ever before. He is doing odd jobs so as to make a living.

We were tickled to see that at the last Convention held in York City everybody was unanimous in exclaiming "Hurrah for the next Pittsburg Convention!" Many thanks for your kind consideration and good encouragement, ladies and gentlemen. It is admitted that we Pittsburgers will try our best to make the convention the most successful and profitable affair ever held in the history of the city. We would heartily suggest that the next meeting of the Convention be held in Carnegie Library at Schenley Park, in the summer of 1900. Who will second this suggestion? That is a lovely place to hold meetings. While your scribe was in the vicinity of Pittsburg, he heard that some of the leading deaf said that they would like very much for the convention to be held in the city, in 1901 instead of 1900, owing to the fact that the meeting of the International Congress of the Deaf will take place in Paris in 1900. However, we trust that they will soon recognize the decision of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf. That the gathering to be held in the city next summer will be an orderly and large one, admits of no doubt.

The excursion, under the auspices of St. Margaret's Deaf-Mute Mission, to Central Park, a lovely resort, up the placid Monongahela River, twenty-four miles from Pittsburg, on August 10th, was, with a few exceptions, a successful affair. There were more than one hundred and fifteen deaf persons, besides several hearing friends, on the boat, and doubtless they enjoyed themselves to the utmost. There were sports in the way of baseball, umbrella race, boat rowing, race running, and so forth. Some munched their lunch under the stately shade trees, some talked together on various topics of the day, some boys and girls had a tete-a-tete, and others indulged in dancing at the pavilion. James Taylor was along with his camera all day, and took the pictures of the groups. His success as an amateur would make professional photographers blush with shame. The time for the departure of the steamer "Elizabeth" had come with merry but tired excursionists, and after landing the Pittsburg wharf, they returned home with the day's enjoyment. Among those present were: Messrs. Nichol, Moran and Cowley, and Miss Prager, all students of Gallaudet College.

On the evening of August 26th, a small though jolly crowd met and surprised Mr. Ernest Cowley, a Freshman of Gallaudet, at his fashionable home on Euclid Avenue, East End. An enjoyable evening was spent in social intercourse and a few innocent games. An elegant repast was served, after which the party dispersed, bidding their young host good-night. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Mullen, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Friend, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Hartley, Mr. and Mrs. Bellows, Mrs. Nellie Peregoy, Joseph W. Atcheson, Frank Widaman, John and James Friend, Lawrence Keistner, William Smith and a few others.

A number of invaders also gave John Friend a surprise birthday party at his residence at Copeland, a progressive town, on the evening of September 2d. It was a complete surprise for John, and he was presented with a costly and useful Poco camera, for which he thanked his friends. A most delightful evening was had and refreshments were bounteously partaken of. Unforeseen circumstances prevented your humble servant from being present on this happy occasion, and therefore he could not particularize the affair.

On last Sunday, at their residence, Mr. and Mrs. William Friend entertained the following named guests: Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Hartley, of Brushton; Miss Belle Winch, girls' supervisor of the Edgewood School; Messrs. Haren and Koran, of Pittsburg; and Mr. Frank Widaman, of Greensburg. The conversation was of a quiet but pleasant character. Indeed, it is admitted that our host and hostess well know how to entertain visitors.

Mr. John Friend and Havens, two of last June's graduates of the Edgewood School, departed last week for Gallaudet College, where they enter upon their first year as "Ducks." We do verily hope that these young men will be successful in their studies during the whole term.

Miss Mabel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Collins Sawhill, left recently for Cleveland, O., where she expects to remain with her grandparents for a year. It is definitely understood that she is going to school this term. We wish her a pleasant and profitable time while away from her parents.

Considerable interest in the near approach of hostilities between Great Britain and the Transvaal is being manifested by us silent people. We are inclined to believe that England will find no difficulty in driving the Boers away.

Mr James Laird, of Missouri, succeeded in procuring a situation in the Braddock Steel Works again, which he left several years ago. He will move back his family to Braddock as soon as he gets enough money—Our advice is: "Better stick to your present job, Jim."

Mrs. John Long and little son, of Mt. Plesant has returned home, after a month's visit with friends at Altoona and Williamsburg, and as a result her husband is supremely happy.

DEWEY.

WORDLESS WARFARE.

DEAF MUTES' DIFFICULT SETTLED IN THE POLICE COURT.

The trial of Henry Dahle, Carl S. Krantz and William Cook in justice Austin's court yesterday on the charge of battery resembled a pantomine performance in a barn-storming theater. The defendants, the complaining witness, Henry Kracke, and nearly all the other witnesses, were deaf mutes. All the testimony was given in the sign language. A skillful interpreter was found in J. L. Armstrong, a bright young man in the employ of the California District Messenger Company. The trouble grew out of a social gathering of mutes in the Vernon district. During the festivities Henry Kracke, the funny man of the mute colony, got off some jokes at the expense of Henry Dahle, who objected to being "joshed." Dahle also understood that Kracke had made some "cracks" about Mrs. Dahle, and called him to account for it.

After some disturbance in the house, Dahle called Kracke out and demanded an apology.

Kracke treated the whole matter as a joke, until Dahle gave him a jolt that made him think otherwise. There was a general mix-up, in which Krantz and Cook took part, but, they alleged, simply as peace-makers. Mrs. Kracke is said to have come to the rescue of her husband and effected his escape by throwing dust in the eyes of his adversaries, thus temporarily making them blind, as well as deaf and dumb. Although there appeared to have been considerable of a scrimmage, judging by the evidence, no material damage was done, save the tearing of Kracke's shirt. The court adjudged Dahle guilty as charged and fined him $10. Krantz and Cook were acquitted.—*Los Angeles Times, Sept. 9.*

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FANWOOD.

From Reveille to Taps.

THE OPENING DAY AT FANWOOD.

Odds and Ends.

(*From our Regular Correspondent.*)

"I can't git 'em up,
I can't git 'em up,
I can't git "em up in the morning!
I can't git 'em up,
I can't git 'em up,
I can't git 'em up at all!
The corporal's worse than the sergeant,
The sergeant's worse than the lieutenant,
And the captain's the worst of all."

The bugle sang reveille early Thursday morning, and several very sleepy looking heads popped out of the windows facing the front and looked reproachfully at the bugler whose cheeks seemed on the verge of bursting. His exertions that morning were extraordinary, due to the fact that it was opening day. Hence the reproachful look of the sleepy heads, for they had returned from vacation and the notes of the bugle had been strangers to them for three months. The cadets were up and dressed before fifteen minutes had passed. Down in the lavatory, they indulged in a liberal sousing with cold water. "Ugh! Waugh!" one spluttered, as he briskly wiped his face with a towel, "I haven't got up so early for three months." There was a general chorus of "same with me." There was plenty of talking done from then till the drum tap signal to fall in for breakfast. The boys fell into their respective places. The officers closed up the ranks. The way they marched into the dining room proved that the three months' vacation had not been able to knock the military training out of them. Breakfast over, came recreation till nine o'clock, when all assembled in the chapel.

If they expected the old benches they were very much mistaken. Very gingerly they seated themselves in the new chairs, as if afraid it was all a dream, and the chairs would collapse into nothingness. It was no dream. It was a reality, and the occupants of the chairs settled themselves comfortably with every expression of appreciation at the change for the better.

Principal Currier opened the school year with a few appropriate remarks, on the beginning of the new term. After prayer, the classification, which was only tentative, was made. The regular routine was quickly taken up, and school was in session till 4 o'clock. Supper at 5.30 P.M. Recreation from 6 to 7 P.M., and then the pupils assembled in their respective study rooms. There was not much studying done, to be sure. Most of the time was spent in dispensing tales of vacation, and every one had lots of things to talk about. At 9 o'clock "Taps" came stealing softly through the quiet stillness outside, and a very tired lot of cadets welcomed the soldier's call to rest.

Thus ended the first day of the term.

Most of the pupils were present. Many familiar faces were missing. But it was a good beginning, indeed, and augurs well for the future.

"What are the bugles blowing for?" says Fanwood on parade,
"To turn you out, to turn you out" the color sergeant said.
"What makes you look so glum, so glum," says Fanwood on parade,
"I've got to tote the colors round, the color-sergeant said.
"For they're drilling in the morning, you can't hear the bugles play,
The companies in column and they're marching them away,
And they'll sweat like blooming Tommies 'fore they're done with this new day;
Oh they're drilling of 'em early in the morning.

Battalion parade was taken up again Friday morning. The ranks of Company A were thinned out. Major Van Tassell put them through a short drill to test them, and reports the cadets a trifle rusty, but they did quite well for the first time. The manual of arms is what needs the most attention. Some changes will be made in the rank and file, which will be announced next week. On November 19th, a competitive drill for the colors will be held. The company winning the colors for the year, will give an exhibition drill at the entertainment of the League of Elect Surds, at Lyric Hall, on December 4th. Many of the deaf have no idea of what the drill is like, and will be considerably enlightened by attending the entertainment.

Miss Ward, one of the teachers, lost a highly valued gold watch. It was afterwards found by the father of little Miss Frey, who returned it to the owner. Mr. Frey lives in the village, and the watch was found not far from the Institution.

Mr. W. H. Van Tassell, as a member of the 22d Regiment, National Guard, will take a nice long walk on Saturday, the occasion of the land parade, Dewey Celebration. Many of the pupils expect to go home for the holidays. The naval parade will be plainly seen from the roof of the Institution.

A game, where the elements of "shinny" and base ball are combined, is being much played by the boys just now. There are outfielders and catcher, bases are run, but instead of a ball, a small, pointed stick called the "cat" is used. The game is quite exciting and a tournament is being arranged among several teams.

George Duane brought his Rambler bicycle with him from his home in Virginia.

Principal Currier conducted chapel services Sunday morning. Prof. Fox held the pupils attention at the services in the afternoon. Both talks were interesting and instructive.

Prof. Jones gave the usual short story in the chapel, Sunday evening.

With the opening of school, the social societies begin activity. The Proteans and the Proteus Boat Club expect to hold meetings before long. The Fanwood Literary Association holds its election of officers on Saturday, October 7th.

Miss Lucy M. Clark, daughter of Prof. Abel S. Clarke, of the Hartford School for the Deaf, was married to Mr. Winfred G. Carleton, of Williams & Carleton Company, on September 12th, at the home of the bride's father. Miss Helen B. Andrews, a teacher at this Institution, was maid of honor. Miss Clarke was formerly a teacher in the girls' kindergarten department at this Institution, and is well remembered by all here. We wish the couple a happy and prosperous voyage on the sea of matrimony.

J. H.K.

ST. LOUIS.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 19.—After a rather dull and uninteresting summer, things are assuming a rather lively shape among the local deaf. Those who have been out of town are all back again, and the various organizations have resumed their "grind," as some of the boys put it. The echos of the reunion of the Missouri Alumni Association are still tingling in the ears of those who spent the few pleasant days at Fulton, and doubtless they will be doing so for some time to come.

The first Fall meeting of the Gallaudet Union occurred on the 15th, at the Schuyler Memorial House, a large crowd was in attendance. "The Man Without a Country," by Edward Everett Hale, was the subject of the discourse delivered by Mr. Hughes. Miss Ivy Myers declaimed Longfellow's Psalm of Life, President Jones gave a few of the latest witty and humorous selections. The literary programme then ended with the 23d Psalm, rendered by Mr. Rodenberger. As he is no longer a resident of St. Louis, Mr. Rodenberger tendered his resignation as secretary of the Union. The resignation was accepted with regrets, and Mr. P. Hughes was chosen to fill the vacancy thus created.

Mr. G. Bajon's father died on the 15th. He had been ill for seven months. The entire deaf-mute community sympathize with Mr. Bajon in his sad bereavement.

Mr. J. C. Howard, of Duluth, Minn., is expected here early in October, and will deliver a lecture at the Memorial House. We hope Mr. Howard will remain in town during the Fair Week, and will be better impressed by the old town than he was while here last winter.

Mr. Henry Rutherford, ex-'01, Gallaudet' was in town last Sunday, and attended divine service at the Bofinger chapel. He will live in Alton, Ill., during the winter, where he is employed in the glass works.

Mr. Charles Haig, of Caseyville, Ill., is at present in East St. Louis. He was at the Gallaudet Union meeting last Friday.

Miss Lavinia Eden, a teacher in the Illinois School for the Deaf, is in town as the guest of Rev. and Mrs. Cloud. She is in her way from Santa Fe, N. M., to Jacksonville, Ill.

Mr. J. B. Bumgardner, '99, Gallaudet, has been appointed boys' supervisor at the Minnesota School for the Deaf.

Mr. Alexander Schenk won the boxing tournament for 115 pounders last week. The tournament was given in the exposition. Schenk will meet "Kid" Page, next Saturday, for the amateur championship of St. Louis. Of course we would be glad to see young Schenk win, but would advise him to quit the ring before he gets a reputation as a prize fighter.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Pearlmutter are back in St. Louis again. Working in the Granite City stamping factory was not agreeable to Samuel's health, so he quit and returned to the old town again. He is now working at his old trade in some downtown shoe factory.

P.

Services in the Diocese of Albany.

SUNDAY, OCT. 1ST.

10:30 A.M.,—St. Paul's, Troy.
3:00 P.M.,—St. Paul's, Albany.

SUNDAY, OCT. 8.

10:30 A.M.,—St. Paul's, Troy.
3:00 P.M.,—St. George's, Schenectady.

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Senator Depew's First $100.

A whole roomful of bank presidents and cashiers got off a joke on Chauncey Depew on Wednesday, and Friday it came back to a laugh in their faces. The joke began when Bryan H. Smith, president of the Brooklyn Savings Bank made an address on dormant accounts.

"Yes," said President Knapp, of the Peekskill Savings Bank, "you know how people go away and forget the money. Well, Chauncey Depew put $100 in our bank thirty-five years ago and it's there yet. He's forgotten all about it."

"Forgotten about it, eh?" said the senator Friday. "Well, I guess not. It amounts to about $400 with interest now and it's going to keep right on growing. That was the first $100 I ever owned, and I've got my eye on it."

The way that money got into the Peekskill Savings Bank is a matter of pride with the senator. In those days Mr. Depew was a lawyer with an eye to the future. About that time there was no bank in Peekskill, so a shrewd old Quaker hired Mr. Depew to stir up enthusiasm. In those days Mr. Depew banked in his right hand trousers pocket. But he started out to arouse Peekskill with all the ardor and enthusiasm of a man with barrels of bonds and coin.

So the bank was started, and in honor of Mr. Depew's good spirit they made him a trustee.

"Now," said the honest Quaker to the trustee, "you ought to start a deposit with us."

Mr. Depew went out and hustled up and down the streets of Peekskill till presently he came back with the hundred dollars.

"I have made up my mind," says he, "that I would never draw that money out short of a crisis. I have been tempted many a time when a hundred dollars would have looked bigger than the outside of the Grand Central Station. But there it stayed and grew and grew, and there you are. Forget it. Not much."—*New York World.*

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1. At Minnehaha Falls (Minneapolis). Delegates group on on the steps. Though this group was taken in the rain at dark, it is nevertheless very good.
2. On the steamer "Tonka" on Lake Minnetonka. This picture makes the handsomest Souvenir of all.
3. In the Park at the Picnic; this is also a beautiful photograph and contains more faces than any except Capitol group.
4. On the steps at the west entrance to the State Capitol, St. Paul. This group contains all the delegates and every one should have a copy of it.

Copies of these will be shown in St. Paul by Mr. Spear, in Chicago by Mr. Wayman, in St. Louis by Mr. Schaub.

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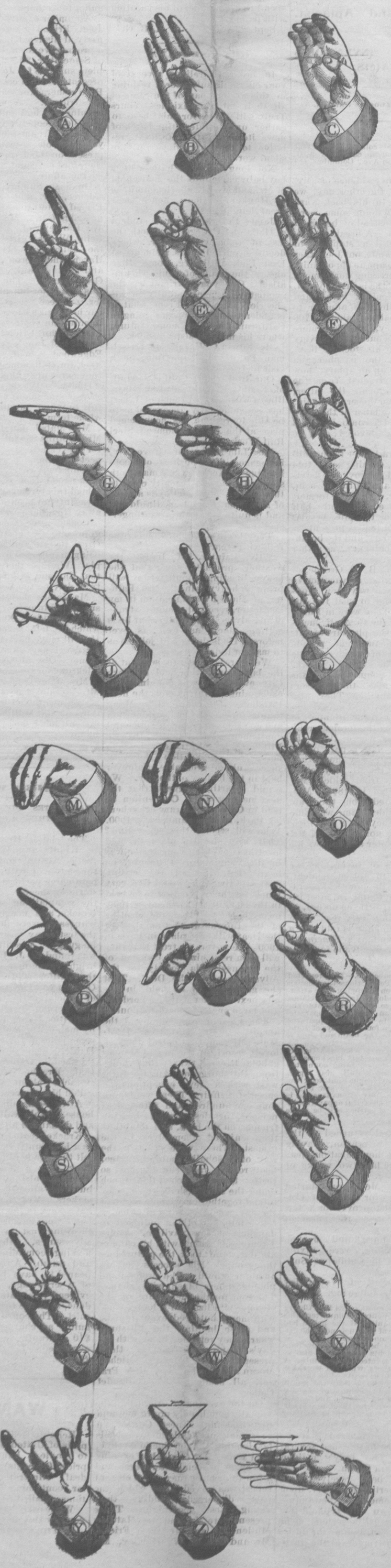

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